

We get letters...

Dear More Than 7 Inches,

I am very interested in becoming a gay male model. All my life I have been gay and interested in modeling. Well, I live in ----- and hope you can send me some info on how to become a model.

Now about me, I'm about 5'5". My measurements of my body are 38" hips, 28" waist and 34" breast. My dick is 7 inches and is 6 inches around. Here is a school picture of me. I'm in the th grade.

Well, hope you will check all this out and let me know something, Thank you.

I love sex,
Ken D.



Ed.'s Note, name and address of writer withheld but here's his photo!

Dear Editor,

I just want to tell you that your mag is one of the best of its kind! Where do you manage to dig up all that fabulous young stuff for publication?

I know you're always getting suggestions on what to print, but my favorite is if you'd pose one of your boys in worn levis and moccasins with his dick in the air. Get him to shoot his load and you'd win the academy award!

Of course, the limits of the half-assed laws prevent you for inane reasons for selling such under-the-counter stuff. I'd like to send you some pix I've

taken to prove my point of what would turn your readers on; however my job in the government is fairly high-level and I'd get my ass canned if the mails ever got nosy!

Sincerely,
Roy K.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Roy K.,

In nearly 7 years in this biz we never got a letter from a model until the one printed just above yours; and we're not about to check it out. It could be a trap or a million other things, but handsome young males don't sit around writing love letters to More Than 7 Inches.

When I was young and had More than 7, I was out using it . . . too busy to write letters to magazines!

As far as your high-level gov't job, and those inane laws you're talking about . . . you didn't have anything to do with passing any of them, did you???

Dear Editor,

Your magazine is a delight -- by far the best on the market.

Super Star Mickey in Issue #5 is absolutely outstanding! Give us more of him! Alone, and preferably shooting! Kenny, the last model in #5, ditto goes for him.

Put together a five model issue: Kenny, Les, Scotty, Timmy, and Mickey . . . all solo-action shots with some climaxes and you'll have a best-seller in a second.

Try it and see if I'm not right!

A Satisfied Buyer

Dear Satisfied,

No doubt you're right, but those who've been publishing sex materials for the past few years are already in plenty of trouble. See next letter.

Dear Sir,

I answered an ad in back of your issue #4 and ordered several magazines. I enclosed payment with my order and sent it to More & Co. of San Francisco.

I have sent them several letters of inquiry but have not received any acknowledgement. I hold you

responsible since I saw the ad in your otherwise fine mag!

J.G.S.
Dallas

Dear J.G.S.,

Don't hold us responsible for what others fail to do! We only publish this magazine. I only edit it. The fact is that the owner of More & Company would sell us the photography to produce an issue, and as part of the deal, we'd allow him to advertize in each issue.

However, in view of the fact that he was ostensibly selling some hard-core stuff in a country who's sexual mentality and laws are still in the 17th Century, his firms were recently raided and all his materials was seized, etc. (See article on page 9 of this issue).

I have entered the mail-order business myself and you will find my ad in back of this issue and subsequent ones. I will not be offering any hard-core pornography, but at least I'll be able to deliver what materials I do offer!!

Dear Sirs,

Just picked up your last issue. WOW!! Unquestionably the best male magazine on the market!! Double WOW!!

I would really like to know how you go about getting all those fantastic models. I'm sure this would be of interest to your fans.

A super-fan of yours,
J. DeP.
Philadelphia

Dear DeP.,

Thanks for the Wows!! Regarding how we get our models, more of the letters we receive ask this question than any other.

We usually get them with a camera!

Editor

Dear Editor,

I want more of your magazines, quicker!! I want only pictures of large size, in color, of young boys with big giant pricks. I think it would be wonderful to see those juicy big young-boy pricks being sucked by both boys and women.

How about a magazine "More Than 8 Inches??" That's what I want, pictures of even longer pricks! The fattest, longest ones you have! I would really

love to see some pix in your mag of a young boy with an 8" prick shooting his hot cum all over some guy's face or into a woman's mouth!

Now that you know what I like, let's do business!

E.J.
North Carolina

Dear E. J.,

You don't want much, do you???

Dear Sir,

Super-Star Mickey is the best model you've ever featured in your mags, are there any movies of him?

H.P.
Rock Island, Ill.

Dear H. P.,

See my ad in back of this issue for "Battle of the Bulge!"

Dear Editor,

I have just purchased your MORE THAN 7" #4. I really like your modern and earthy approach. It is really a piece of art, certainly better than anything done over here!

Could you tell me something? Do your models pose quite freely? Are they forced in any way?? Do they get well payed? Are they all gay?? Hope you can find time to answer, and I can't wait for your future issues.

D.B.
West Lothian, Scotland

Dear D.B.,

You see, these are not real boys we use to pose in our mags, so we don't have to force them. They are really wax figureines and we simply mould them into whatever shape we wish and with however big a dick we want them to have!!

Seriously tho, we never force our boys to do anything! They pester us to death wanting to pose! You see, the younger generation is generally not as ashamed of their bodies as the oldsters, they're not afraid they'll go to hell if they show their prick or to prison if they suck one! Right!

Right on! And keep those cards and letters coming!

Editor





Big

ocks

With the coming of Big Sports, it was inevitable there would be Big Money. Major league baseball, basketball, football and hockey will gross around \$400 million during 1974. When the Big Money came, out came the Big Time Athletes! Out they came into a playboy world of high-living, big spending, and wild sex!!

It all began with Joe Namath, who's exploits, sex-ploits, and successes are too well known to go into here. It was enough to make kids ask, "Dad, why does Broadway Joe make more money than the President?"

The exciting short story that follows is not about Mr. Namath or any other real person; it is strictly fiction. But, exciting fiction told against a background of athletes who've made the Big Time . . . in more ways than one!



Athletes who've made the BIG TIME!

Jerry's butt was sore, really sore, as he eased down onto the hard wooden bench in the locker room. You've heard of the expression, "he worked his ass off?" Well, Jerry had **played** his ass off, and they'd still lost the game! He was rather depressed and in no mood to take any razzing or bitchin' from some of the other guys for the dumb mistakes he'd made out there on the field!

He was undressing and changing fast as he could 'cause he wanted to get out of there . . . quick! He was pulling on his socks when he heard the rest of the team, coming through the door like a heard of bulls. It surprised him when not a one of them said **anything** to him! They all headed straight for the showers like a heard of hot bulls, and soon the room began to fill with the distinctly odor of manly sweat as uniforms were being shed and sweaty jock straps thrown in a heap near where Jerry was sitting.

"They would really shit," Jerry thought to himself, almost laughing to himself . . . at least, inwardly smiling enough to momentarily bring him out of his doldrums, "they would really **s-h-i-t!!**", he thought, dwelling on the matter, "if they even **suspected** that their sweaty, slick crotches turn me on." He visualized himself lying on his back on the cold wet shower floor, with the entire team standing around him, jerking their huge cocks, shooting their hot . . .!

"Hey, man, don't look so glum," somebody said as they slapped him on his shoulder. It was his only pal on the team, Greg, standing next to him stark naked. Jerry looked at Greg's thick cock, wet and glistening from the shower, but as quickly looked away!

"Come on man, snap out of it," Greg said, Jerry only half-hearing the words, only half-feeling the continued slaps on the shoulder. "Snap out of it, Jerrrr, whatya' say you come on over to my pad with me and Mike Hirsch, and Bill and you know Lon Fogarty, the new guy?! We've got some booze and some real chicks lined up, get one for you if ya' wanta! Whatda' ya say???"

Jerry hated Greg when he slapped his shoulder and talked incessantly, demandingly like he was now doing. Jerry moved his shoulder away and looked Greg straight in the eye. "Forget it, Greg, I'm just not in the mood," he said, and gathering up his gear, he quickly made his way out of the locker room, half running to the parking lot so he could escape!

* * * * *

Escape. Half our lives are spent escaping from something or the other. But to have to escape from somebody you really like, because your tastes are so different from theirs that they wouldn't understand, well, that's an especially excruciating kind of escape!

Jerry turned the key in his Corvette and the engine jumped to life with a loud roar. He gunned the engine and could actually feel the engines power **throttling** throughout the body of the car. He quickly reversed, then dropped it into first. He popped the clutch and left with a brief but strong squeal of rubber against hot pavement. He drove around the stadium to exit via the back way in order to avoid the stupid young pussies who sometimes gathered at the gates, for autographs or maybe just a touch.

"After, all I am a star!" Jerry muttered to himself, "a fuckin' a-one star!" Then thinking, his thoughts rambled to his self as he crept along in the bumper to bumper traffic which was always this bad after a game, "after all,

I am the youngest and highest paid pro athlete of 'em all! Quite an accomplishment for a dumb kind from the poor side of Topeka. I've got anything I **really** want. I don't even know what I really want."

"Look out you idiot," Jerry screamed aloud, as his thoughts were interrupted by some drunken clown walking directly in front of the powerful Corvette. Jerry rolled his window down and shook his fist at the man. "You fuckin' dumb ass, I oughta run you down!" He couldn't hear the guy's mumbled retreat, because he was already rolling the window back up!

"Control yourself, Jerry," he said to himself, "don't let some idiot like that get the best of you. Come on, now, calm down!" Jerry was really good at talking to himself, that's how he became such a star so quick. He could actually **psyche** himself into a certain frame of mind if he wanted to badly enough. He could exercise great mental power over his physical body, and by channeling that combination of strong mental power and lithe physical strength, he couldn't help but be a winner!

And Jerry was a winner. While still in high school he was the most outstanding athlete at just about everything . . . track, swimming, baseball, football . . . about the only thing he didn't get into was basketball. He'd always thought that was pretty stupid, running around a room trying to throw a ball through a net. "Any guy seven feet tall could be a star of that dumb game; doesn't take any mental control at all," is what Jerry thought about, still fighting his way through the heavy traffic, like ants on a hill!

By the time he was in college, on an athletic scholarship of course, he couldn't go anywhere but **up**! He never was nominated 'most popular' in the school yearbook, but when you got to the sports section, he was on every page! And college was the first time he ever went **down** as well!! The memory of it raced across his brain, the entire episode taking no longer to recall in detail than the changing of the red light, for which he was waiting, to yellow, then green! In some drunken hotel room in some hell-forgotten town where the college team was beating it's brains out against some other college team, Jerry let a man pick him up in a bar. It was love at first sight, not of the man, but of the prick, the thick hard prick sliding in and out of Jerry's mouth . . . the sucking . . . the feeling of the man's alive-ness inside him, pushing deeper and deeper into Jerry's throat . . . the swelling and stiffening and seeping and swallowing and sucking . . . and the sperm, the thick hot juice Jerry sucked from the man! Jerry swallowed every drop and remembered it as if it were just yesterday.

Jerry had an erection as the traffic thinned out and he turned onto Kirby Street which would take him quickly home. He grabbed a tape and jammed it into the tape deck between the seats . . .

"I met a gentle bar room queen in Memphis," Mick Jagger sang, and Jerry was still young enough to appreciate the strong rock beat and sexy wail of the Rolling Stones . . . "She was a honky tonk, a honky tonk, honky tonk wo-man, gimme, gimme, gimme, the honky tonk blues . . ."

Jerry shut off the tape as he pulled into his garage. He locked the car and entered his apartment building through the back to avoid the doorman.



"Good evening, Mr. Rankin," the doorman said to Jerry.

Jerry wanted to ask him what in hell he was doing in the back, but he didn't feel like talking, "Good evening," is all he answered, and quickly turned his back and pressed the elevator button.

As he unlocked his apartment door and entered, the phone was ringing. He stumbled over some books on the floor in his haste to reach it.

"Hi, Jerry, it's Tony. What's up for tonight?"

"Nothing," Jerry replied, "I don't much feel like doing anything."

"Well, I got something for you that'll make you feel like doing something, you know I don't never call you 'less I got hold of something really good!"

"Yeah," Jerry replied, half asking.

"I got three of 'em for you Jerry, babe, and each one's a knock out. Can I bring 'em over?"

"Well, for chrissakes, tell me something about them first," Jerry said, annoyed at Tony's always take-my-word-for-it attitude!

"Well, Jerry, I got this one kid, about 16, small like you like 'em, blond, not much in the meat department, but he can take it up the ass like a hero."

"And?" Jerry inquired.

"Well, then I also got this full blooded Italian kid, 18, hung like superman, and you know how us Italians are!"

"Yeah? How's that?," Jerry asked, egging him on.

"Hot to trot, always ready to blow and go," Tony replied, laughing at his own idea of a little joke.

"Ok, and the third one?"

"This one you're gonna like, especially this one. Reminds me of you when you were younger," Tony said, selling his wares.

"Don't remind me I'm getting old," Jerry said, meanly.

"Holy Mama, the man's all of 26 and he thinks he's old," Tony Said, to whoever might listen to such asides! "Anyway, this one's 18 or 19, very butch, very muscular, and v-e-r-y athletic. Says he needs money really bad and 'll do anything. Anything at all! I ain't had the time to try him out myself, personally, you understand, just met him today straight off the bus from the sticks, but I thought you'd want him to come along too!"

"Well," Jerry hesitated, calling on all his mental powers to get himself in the right frame of mind to receive three strange tricks tonight, "well," OK, if you're sure they're OK!"

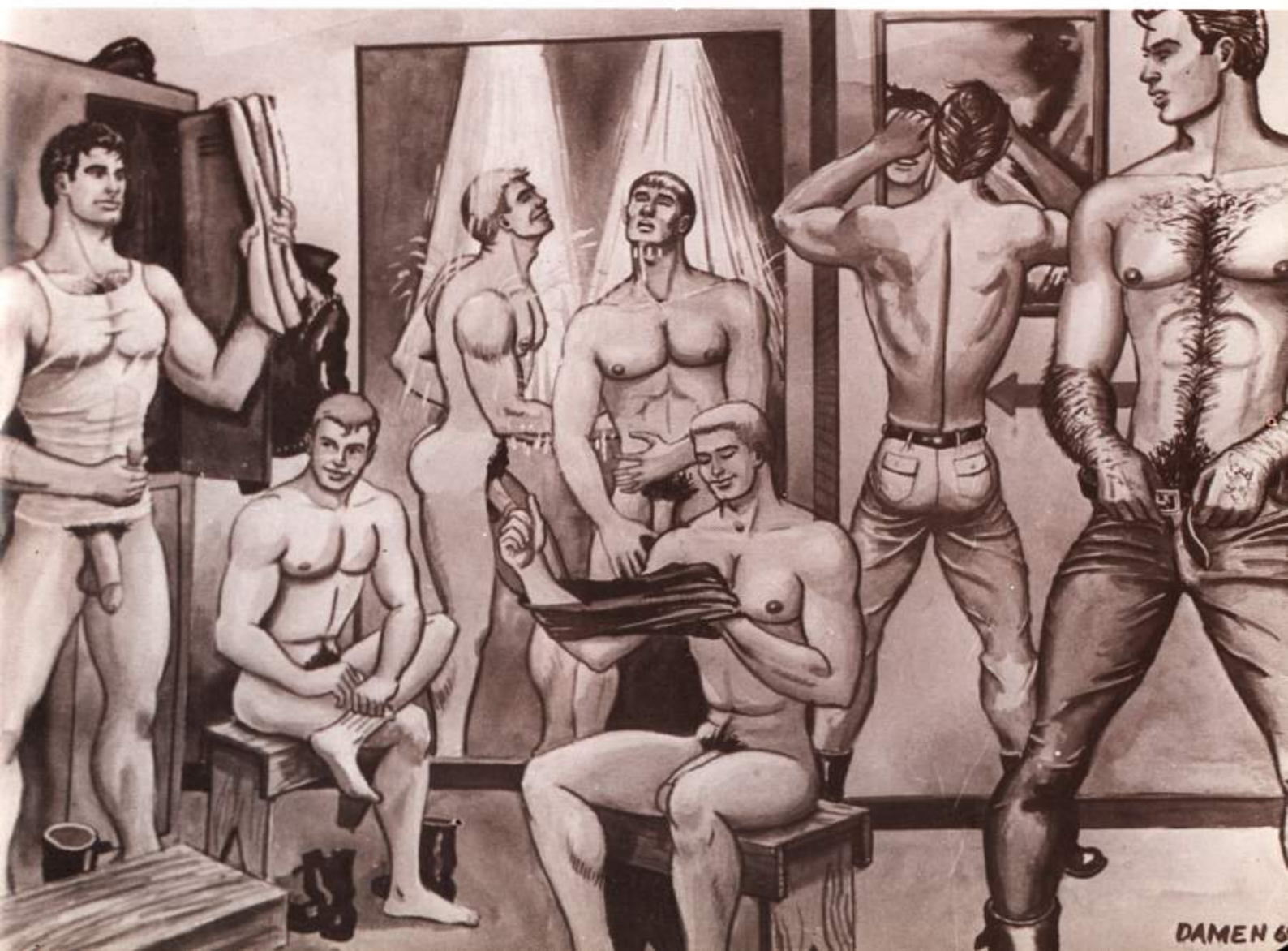
"For what you pay me, I guarantee it! Have I ever failed you, Jere?"

"No, of course not," Jerry replied, "bring 'em on!"

"See you at 8 sharp."

"No, better make it 9; give me time to shower and clean up a bit. I just got in from a grimy game!"

"9 it will be," Tony said and hung up abruptly!



First Jerry went to the kitchen and fixed a scotch and water. Then he went to the bathroom and looked over an assortment of pills, a pill for every occasion should be Tony's motto since the pills also came from Tony! Of course, you could get anything from Tony if you have the money!!

Jerry swallowed a small pep pill, not a strong one, just enough to get him awake and alert, just enough to make him bright and friendly, which is characteristic very necessary of one who is about to entertain three horny guys at the same time!

Yes, Jerry, sometimes, even the mental power isn't strong enough to overcome an entire day of disappointment, hard work, mistakes, and depression.

The hot water of the shower felt good and Jerry thought of the other times; few and far between, but each one made him know and understand more definitely what he wanted, what he enjoyed! All through his college career he didn't have sex with a guy more than four or five times, but each time was a memory as vivid as the water stinging his body, as creamy as the soap he was now using to lather his balls and prick. He began to get an erection, but suddenly reached up and turned off the hot water. No time for erections now, and the cold water did the trick.

"Yeah," he was thinking to himself, "the tricks were few and far between 'til I met Tony." Now I get them on a fairly regular basis, but I gotta take the good with the bad; otherwise Tony would find another source. After all, if I didn't have money, I probably couldn't get one at all!" Rather depressing, self-downing thoughts for a guy who takes pride in exerting his mental powers to get whatever he wants!

Jerry dressed in levis and a pullover sweater and went to the door precisely at 9 PM as Tony rang it on the other side.

The pill and drink had taken effect, Jerry smiling as he opens the door, "Sure, hi ya' Tony, come on in boys," and the boys followed Tony in like zombies, scared to death of such a ritzy place and the guy who lives here!

"Jeez, man, what a layout y' got here," the Italian boy said.

"Thanks, man," Jerry replied. "All of you come on into the den and get comfortable."

They all followed Jerry and soon Tony made the necessary brief introductions.

"This one's the blond I tol' you about, "Tony said, "Mark, say hello to Jerry."

Mark stood up and shook Jerry's hand.

And this one, my blood brother, is Frankie," Tony said, and as he pushed the Italian boy forward toward Jerry, he grabbed a handful of crotch. "This one's really got it where it counts, you'll see."

The boy blushed as he shook hands with Jerry.

"And here's our football hro, "Gene," said Tony, and again Jerry shook hands.

"Well, boys, you're on your own, now. I'm going down to the living room and watch TV. Jerry will take good care of you." He winked at the boys as he left the room, and from down the hall he said, "wake me when it's all over!"

The athletic boy, Gene, was admiring all the trophies and ribbons and photographs that adorned the walls of Jerry's den. "Man, I've heard

of you, you're really great," he told Jerry. "I hope I can be like you some day!"

Jerry wanted to tell the boy that he didn't really know what he was saying, but the pill and the liquor allowed him to smile and say, "I hope you can be, Gene." Then, modestly, he added, "You know I never thought I'd amount to anything. Just luck, I guess!"

It wasn't long before Jerry had all three of the boys engaged in the conversation, as they discussed sports of all kinds, and the Corvette Jerry owned. He promised Make he'd let him drive it sometime, and they spent at least a half-hour "warming up," as the coach would say.

"Well, you guts, it's starting to get late, and you know us athletes have to get up early. What do you say we get into the bedroom for awhile?," Jerry asked and demanded at the same time.

"You lead the way," said Frankie, "I've had a hard on since I got here."

And Jerry groped him all the way down the long hallway into his bedroom.

"OK, everybody take off all their clothes," Jerry instructed, as if he were teaching a group of new recruits how to tackle, "and pile into my bed!" The boys were giggling and talking among themselves as they undressed, and Jerry turned the lights down very low.

"I like to keep some light on," he explained. "I like to be able to see what I'm doing!" And the boys laughed at the corny joke!

Jerry himself was now naked also, and he literally jumped in the bed, heading for Mark. They hugged and began to kiss, their hard pricks rubbing and sliding against each other and Jerry noticed out of the corner of his eye that Gene was blowing Frankie!

Frankie's prick was **really** big, the biggest Tony had ever brought him, and Jerry wanted to really see it in action. He reached over and grabbed it from Gene's mouth.

"Come here, Frankie," he instructed. "Mark, get over on your stomach and spread your legs," and as the boy did as he was told, he exposed his soft, completely round buns with the crack between them leading down to a large puckered ass-hole, delicately fringed by soft blond hairs. Jerry had the massive prick attached to Frankie's slim body grasped tightly in his hand, making the veins stand out all along the length of it. He squeezed it making the purplish head swell up even larger and glisten under the dim light! He quickly licked the head and slid the huge prick into his mouth, wetting it thoroughly, and then he turned his face and burried it between the soft, boyflesh of Mark's ass, licking and tonguing the tender ass hole til he had it thoroughly wetted also. He pushed down on Mark's ass with one hand, removing his face from the crack just far enough to pull Frankie's slick throbbing prick into position. Of course, Frankie immediately got the idea and Jerry slurped and sucked at the tight ass hole as the monster prick began worming its way inward . . . and inward . . . and in. Jerry licked the entire length of the swollen prick as it began to move in and out, burying its long shank in the warmth of Mark's hole. Jerry could only imagine now the big purple head swelling and throbbing deep inside Mark, the large ridge around the head striking a responsive chord and sending shivers of pleasure through both of the boys as they fucked. Now all Jerry could do was lick and suck Frankie's hairy balls that were pushed against Mark's cheeks.

All this time, don't forget Gene. He was down there sucking on Jerry's pole, sucking it good as hell while he was whacking himself off. But Jerry was intensely interested in Frankie fucking Mark and he riveted his attention to the huge cum-filled balls slapping against Mark's ass harder and harder! He felt the balls draw up and he quickly grabbed Frankie's prick at the base and yanked it out of the gaping hole. He squeezed the base of the gigantic throbbing monster and watched in awe as the white cum spurted from the tip. Frankie's body was trembling and he grabbed his prick and pumped out more and more thick cum, the hot liquid splashing into Mark's asshole, and dripping down in thick streams between his legs, over his balls and onto the sheets.

Suddenly Jerry's head was buried again in the crack of the boy's ass, as he ate the hot sperm, licking it up as quickly as he could find it, and at the same time, shooting his own sperm into Gene's mouth, who was still diligently sucking him off! Jerry was now nosing Mark's balls as he ate the sperm from the sheets, and still he felt his sperm coarsing through his own prick into Gene. Jerry quickly moved his head around and went down on Frankie, sucking the last drops from the swollen cummy head til he himself had stopped cumming in Gene's mouth. He was through, but the taste and odor of the sperm caused him to remain highly excited.

Neither Mark nor Gene had yet shot off. He stretched out on his back, his slippery half hard prick flopping from side to side as he moved, and he instructed Mark to get up over him in a 69 position. He told Gene to fuck Mark in the ass while Mark sucked Jerry and Jerry sucked Mark.

"Whatda' ya' want me to do," quired Frankie.

"If you can get 'em again, then jerk it and shoot off all over us," Jerry replied.

Once Gene's prick slid into Mark's ass, and Mark's prick into Jerry's mouth, it was only a matter of moments before the damn would burst; the two boys were highly excited and the cum was already seeping from the tips of their pricks. Already Mark was creaming down inside Jerry's throat, cumming in a gigantic thick flood almost quicker than Jerry could swallow it! Jerry quickly popped the little dick out of his mouth and threw his head back. Looking up, he saw Gene's wide prick tearing into Mark's asshole. He opened his mouth and Gene got the message; he pulled his prick out and milked the sperm, shooting it directly into Jerry's face and mouth. Shot after shot of his sex juice squirting into Jerry, and Jerry felt it slap him across the face like a wet warm noodle, then another time into his mouth, and the next like a hot string of sweet honey slipping across the top of his nose, over his upper lip, and sliding slowly down into his mouth.

Mark had moved from over him and was jerking him off and Jerry began to cum again, just as he looked up to see the cum squirting a second time from Frankie's prick. It landed in a couple of large hot splashes onto Jerry's chest, and Frankie's hand was down there in a flash, rubbing the hot juice into Jerry's skin.

The pricks were all soft now, and the guys all laid in bed onto and next to each other. They laid there a few moments without saying a word.

"Wow," Gene said finally, and he got up and started to dress. The other boys jumped up and soon all four guys were talking about

cars and sports and traffic and living in the big city. They talked about everything but sex, and when they were all dressed Jerry led them down the hall.

Sure enough, Tony was asleep on the living room sofa, but the TV was blaring, same as always.

"I'd like to see you boys again soon," Jerry told them, "but we'll have to arrange it through Tony. I'm almost never at home to catch my phone, so when you feel like coming over again just let Tony know."

"Sure, man," Frankie said, and the other two agreed.

"You boys wait in the hallway while I wake Tony up," Jerry said, and as Tony came back to life, Jerry slipped him three one-hundred dollar bills.

"Better than usual," Jerry said to Tony, "keep it up! OK?"

"Yeah, sure man, see you soon," Tony answered, half asleep.

In a moment the door closed behind them and they were gone. Jerry slipped out of his levis and walked to his bedroom naked. The pill and the liquor had worn off, but the boyish smell of sperm was still strong in his room, and on his sheets. He turned the lights out, unplugged his telephone, and climbed in bed. Pulling the cover up over him, he closed his eyes.

He went to sleep a very lonely and depressed man! and he really didn't understand why!

THE END



GUYS SO L-O-N-G THEY DO IT THEM- SELVES

In the male whose soul is Gay, if not in all males, the prick and the mouth have an irresistable attraction for one another. Freud noted that from earliest infancy, boys try to suck their own little penises, and such an ambition long outlives the flexibility of youth which makes auto-felatio within the reach of a few.

Generally one must be slender and limber to be able to so bend one's torso forward on itself that we can close our own lips over our taproot — and even this takes a good long shaft, or extraordinary flexibility to get much of a mouthful.

But the result is very much worth the attempt. We all know how very good our cock and balls feel in our own hand, and the mouth is infinitely more sensitive than the hand. To join the manifold nerve endings of the mouth and the penis in mutual stimulation produces a multiplication of pleasurable sensations that can be achieved in no other way. It is so sublime an accomplishment that it ought to be a major aim of physical education to make it possible.





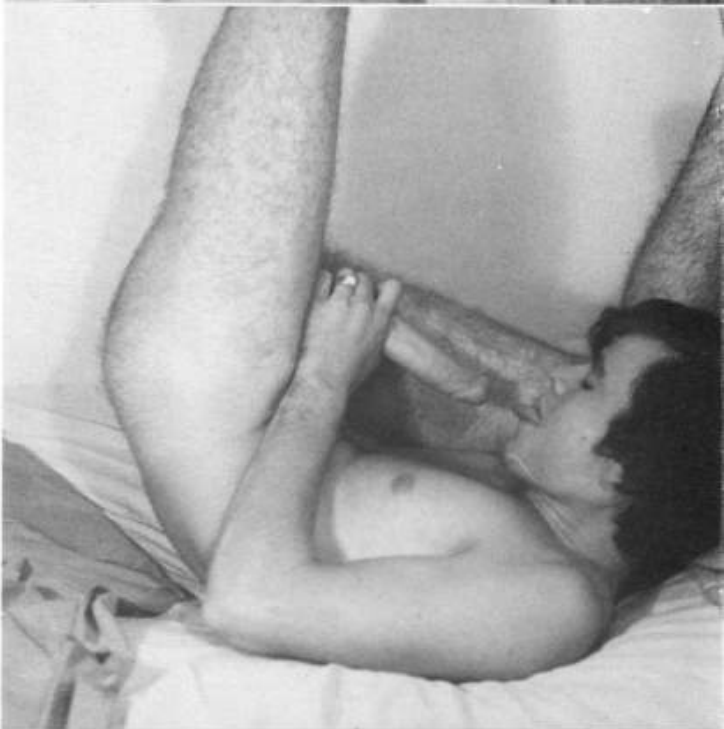
Most of us are far too stiff and unbending for our own good health, and there is no need for this. The rough and tumble sports — football and baseball — do very little to limber up the body. Children ought to be encouraged to the sorts of exercises involved in Yoga, or in tumbling and wrestling. The ability to take one's own seed in one's mouth (considered a supreme spiritual exercise by many sects in the Far East) is far from being the sole advantage of such regimens, but auto-felatio is certainly among the most excruciatingly pleasurable of solitary joys, not to mention its exhibitionistic value, if one is willing to demonstrate one's prowess to others.

Males who, even when thin, have been unable to bend over and touch their toes without fudging, aren't likely to be able to service themselves in this manner, unless an extraordinarily long tool compensates for the lack of bodily flexibility. And it is very rare for anyone with extra weight around the midsection to be able to do the job, although I have known of one chubby youth who could just reach his own cockhead, even though he had less than five inches. There was a wacky gleefulness about his whole appearance, and he was never at a party for very long before he would get someone to bet him that he couldn't suck his own cock. His smooth, plump and limber body, and his boyish good humor, usually resulted in someone plowing his rump, which gave him extra leverage on his own thing.

I am not convinced that all individuals would ever be able, even with a well-planned program of exercises, to do themselves, but exercise is certainly to be recommended for most, and I have worked with two men who, though at the age of 45 they were unable to bend over and touch their toes, were later able to give themselves a leisurely blow job — and with no huffing and puffing or sore joints afterward. But without proper exercise, the attempt could involve an undue strain on most males over the age of 40.

We ought generally I think to regard this skill as a special attainment (like musical talent) given to only a few, and mostly to the young and slender. But it is a skill of rare beauty and satisfaction.

The young man who can lie on his shoulders, bending his waist so that his stomach is almost against his chest, and who can do this while still breathing easily (ordinarily it would cramp the diaphragm something awful) letting his meat dangle down like a bunch of grapes into his waiting mouth, becomes, like the Chinese symbol, the yang and the yin, a closed system, a perfect unitary relationship, like the primordial worm Ourobouros devouring himself (the world). Those with a Jungian bent would suggest that auto-felatio is far more than a mere mechanical act of self fulfillment; that it is an archetypal realization of that primordial state when the race was not yet divided into male and female pairs.











In this view, auto-felatio, properly realized, would produce the ultimate in spiritual trips.

Be that as it may, it is certainly a physical trip, to accomplish, or to watch. And from a spectator's vantage point, the way a young man's waist bends, on the way to join penis and mouth, is an unsurpassed erotic sight.

I suppose there is nothing quite so impressive that two of the same wouldn't be more impressive. A friend of mine picked up two boys one night in the vicinity of Central Park in New York, and they all later ended up at a large party in Greenwich Village, and before long, they were both on top of the dining room table, each having his knees locked under his own shoulders, and each taking his own cock to the hilt, holding their seemingly impossible positions for almost an hour, while the other guests fondled them like toys.

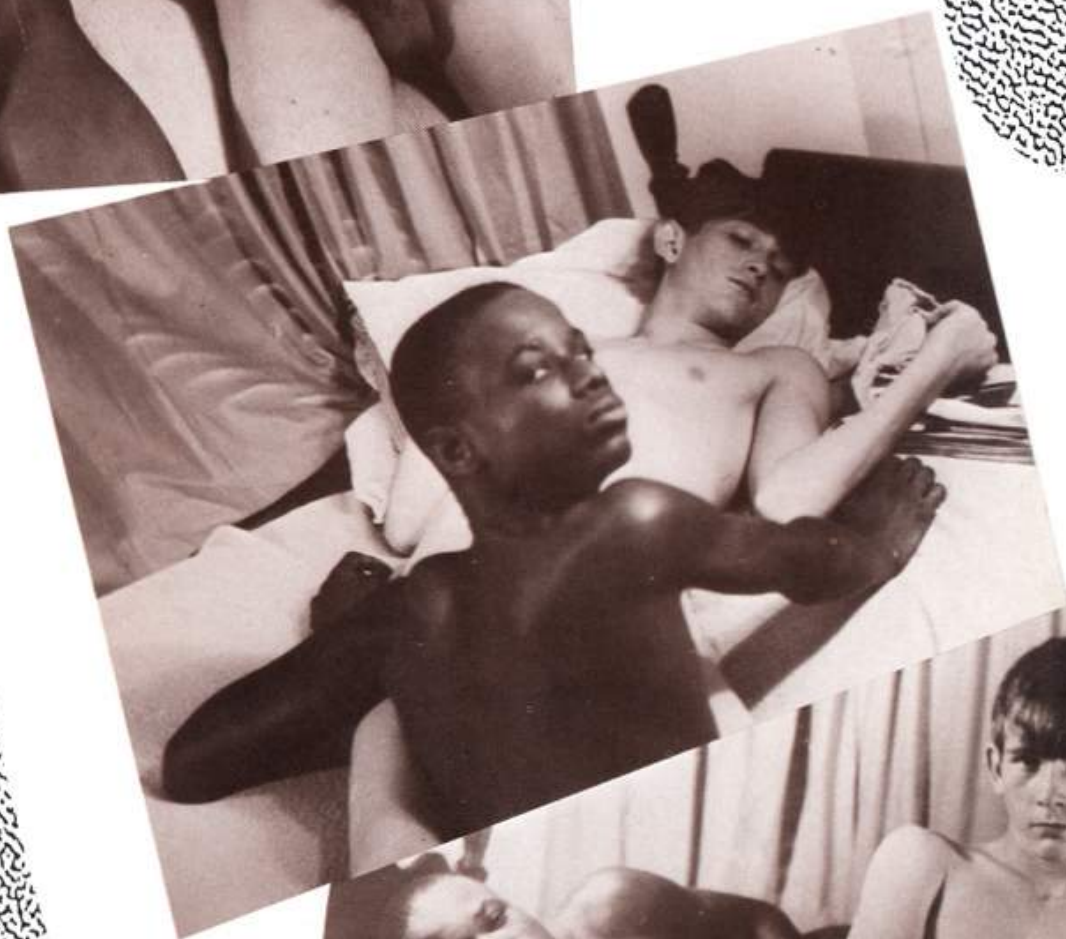
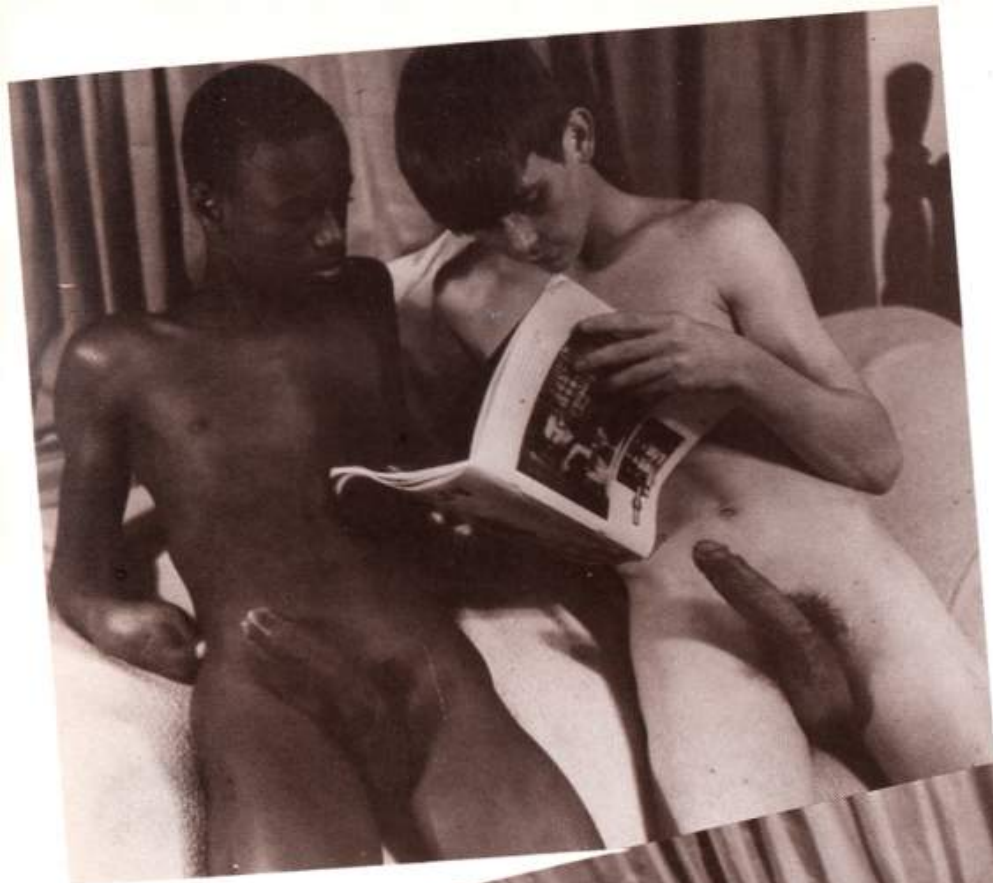


BIG BLACK BOYS—AND—



—THEIR WHITE BOYFRIENDS



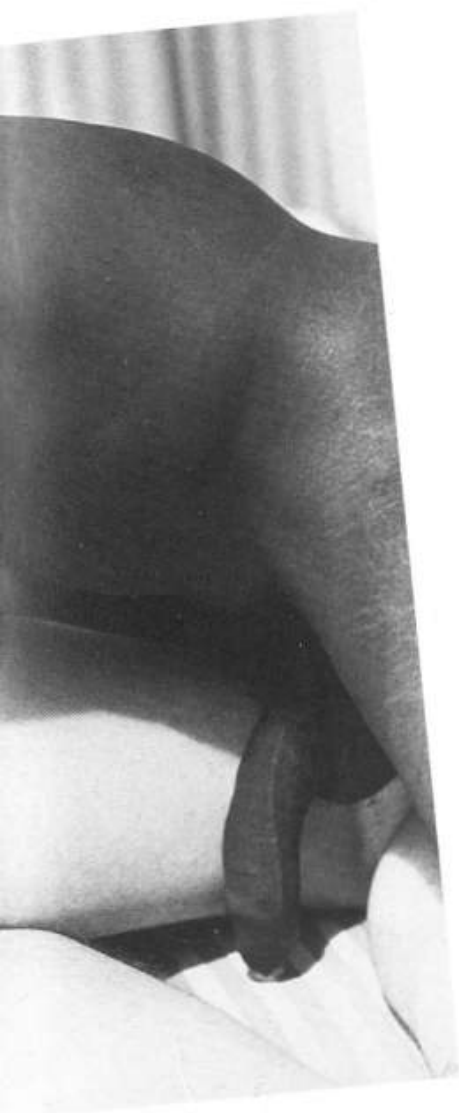


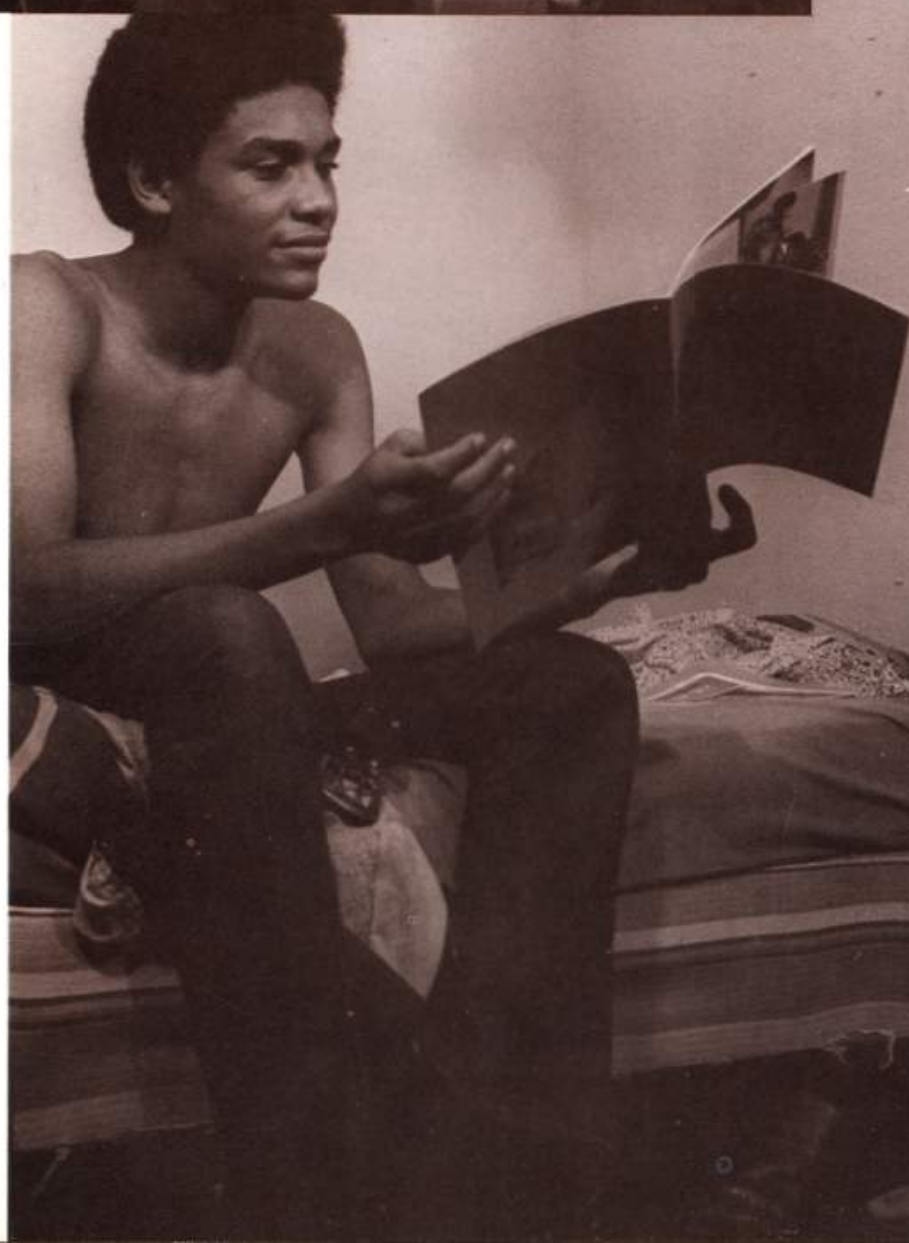
There are myths about various races having superior or inferior endowments or those with "big feet and hands". Racial strain may have a bearing on size at least in general. Blacks, by and large, seem to have larger genitals than Caucasians. This is born out by a number of studies. By the same token, Oriental men tend to be somewhat inferior in size to Caucasians. For those of you who must know, the average size of an erect penis is approximately 6 inches. The largest size on record is 13½ inches.

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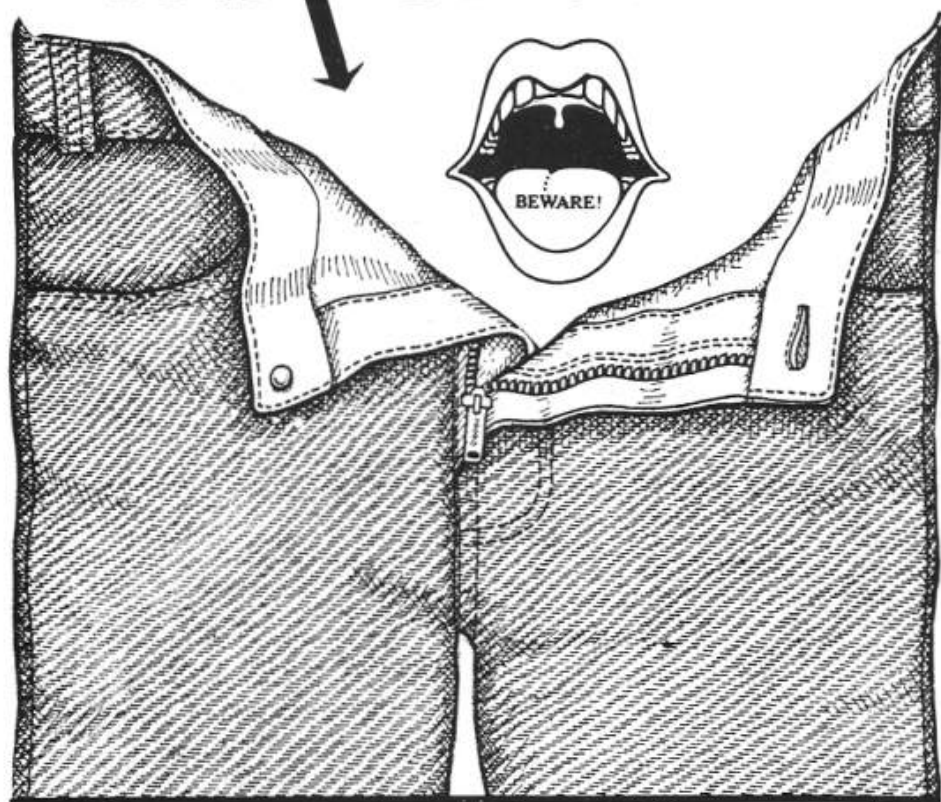
Although customs may differ from race to race, there is a remarkable similiarity in what people do when they get to the bedroom. When it gets right down to making love, motivations, techniques, and behaviour aren't nearly as different as many people would like to believe. With this thought in mind , it should come as no surprise that black men seek sexual release in the arms of other men and that in many instances their partner will likely be of another race.







advice, vice, and mis- adventures



☆ Advice and answers by JERRY FULLERTON ☆

Dear Jerry,

I am 28 years old, slender and fairly well hung. I am married and always considered myself straight, since I've fathered 3 children. Recently, however, I met a man slightly younger than myself, and he introduced me to homosexual activity.

Out sex act so far has been confined to oral sex only, with each of us sucking the other off. I enjoy this activity tremendously and want to do even more with him, but at the same time, I still enjoy relations with my wife.

I live in fear that she'll find out, because I'm having sex more and more often with my male friend and consequently cannot always be in the mood when the wife wants it!

Do you think I'm gay? Should I tell my wife? Or should I stop seeing this guy altogether?

Bob R.
NYC

I can't really advise you whether or not to tell your wife without knowing more about her. However, it is my opinion that all humans are capable physically of having enjoyable sexual relations with both sexes if they are mentally prepared for same.

As much as I hate to sound hypocritical, I think it would be best if you continue your relationship with your male friend, since you obviously enjoy it. But not to the point that it would deprive your wife of what's rightfully hers, since you're legally and morally bound to her!

In other words, cool it a bit with him and please all three of you.



Dear Jerry,

I have always enjoyed looking at male mags such as yours, but I don't think I could actually suck off

one of those guys and swallow his cum! That's very vulgar and repulsive to me! Yet I always masturbate and shoot off a big load looking at such books.
T.R.P.

Dear TRP,

Your feelings are not unusual; there are many persons who, like yourself, like the idea of having sex with another male, but who rebels from the actual act itself.

It's the same as straight guys who get highly excited watching a film of a guy shooting off all over a girl's pussy, then getting down there and licking up their own sperm. The guy watching is excited by the idea, the fantasy, the forbidden-ness of such a (to him) vulgar act, but he may never in actuality perform it himself.

All I can say is to continue doing whatever brings you pleasure as long as you don't harm anyone else or cause yourself any great inner-conflict!

••

Dear Jerry,

Most of the boy-films I've seen are a drag. Here's my version of what I would like to see. The boys should be around 15 years old. Both boys should be able to shoot their load before a camera. I don't think the film should be made all on the same day, giving the boys a chance to build up their loads between each scene!

First of all the boys should practice up with each other before the camera starts filming. The first day the boys should enter the room and **quickly** undress. Do not waste time on foreplay. They should already have hard ons! I would like to see a few seconds of each boy sideways standing and full length, then to the bed. A jerks off B and makes him cum, then B jerks off A til he comes. So much for the first day!

On the second day or next opportunity A blows B and B blows A. The boys must come off in each others' mouths. **Please**, no fake cum!

The third day or opportunity have the boys do anal intercourse! It doesn't matter which one does it to the other, but they must come off into each others' asses. Do not end the scene too suddenly. After the second boy has cum have him pull his cock out of the other boy's ass slowly, turn the boy over, and give him a big kiss!

(Editor's note: this letter continues for several pages, but we must cut it at this point because of space limitations)

Sincerely
Lawrence L.

Dear Lawrence,

I know of quite a few films which are made exactly along the principles you suggest. Any film you've seen with more than one cum scene from each guy was surely filmed over a period of time and not in the fifteen minutes it takes you to view such a film!

However, due to the fact that the government is really cracking down hard on such materials, especially hard-core films showing cum scenes such as you describe and even more so on films involving young boys, I personally feel that in the future you will be damned lucky to be able to purchase such a film in the U.S.

Dear Jerry,

I am very young, legally I'm not old enough to buy your magazine. (I'm 17!) But I'm very horny and I consider myself gay. I've seen your mag at a friends house who's 18 and very sexy. He has a very big prick.

We always jerk off together after looking at these books, but we've never done anymore than this! The reason I'm writing you is this, I'm afraid to touch his dick altho I would like to do it. I want to suck it and thast his sperm! How does sperm taste?

Also I'm writing you because I'd like to pose with some of the guys in your magazine. They wouldn't care if I sucked their sperm and I'm afraid my friend would.

Ray L.
Gordon, Georgia

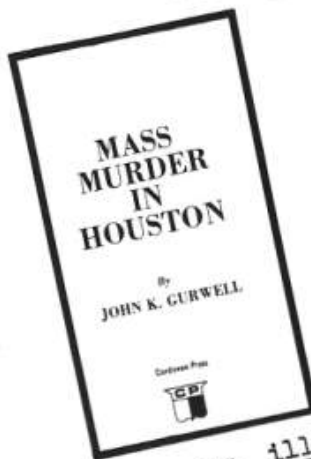
Dear Ray,

What's your hurry! You're very young and you're not really sure what you want at 17! Seems to me you'd be better off sticking with your buddy; at least you two like each other. If you posed with some of our models it would be a cold, business proposition. I'm not sure you'd enjoy it as much as your buddy's jerk-off sessions! Besides, posing in front of a camera and bright lights is all work and no play!

P.S. Sperm tastes delicious if you love the guy! If he doesn't turn you on it tastes terrible!! Bitter! Ugh!!

Let Jerry answer your questions and concerns. Write to JERRY, % CHARLES ANSON,
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NEW ATLAS

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STREAKING!

Just as we go to press the latest rage the young people are spreading across our up-tight nation is "streaking." In case you don't know what "streaking" means, it's a phenomenon where a group of young people, usually males, take off all their clothes and run-like-hell through a crowded area such as down a public street, through a shopping center, or across a college campus.

Traffic was blocked for three hours recently in Knoxville, Tenn., by "wall-to-wall" streakers on a main street through the University of Tennessee campus. Police estimated the number of nude dashers at about 50, with several thousand spectators.

Streaking has become so popular in Texas that one

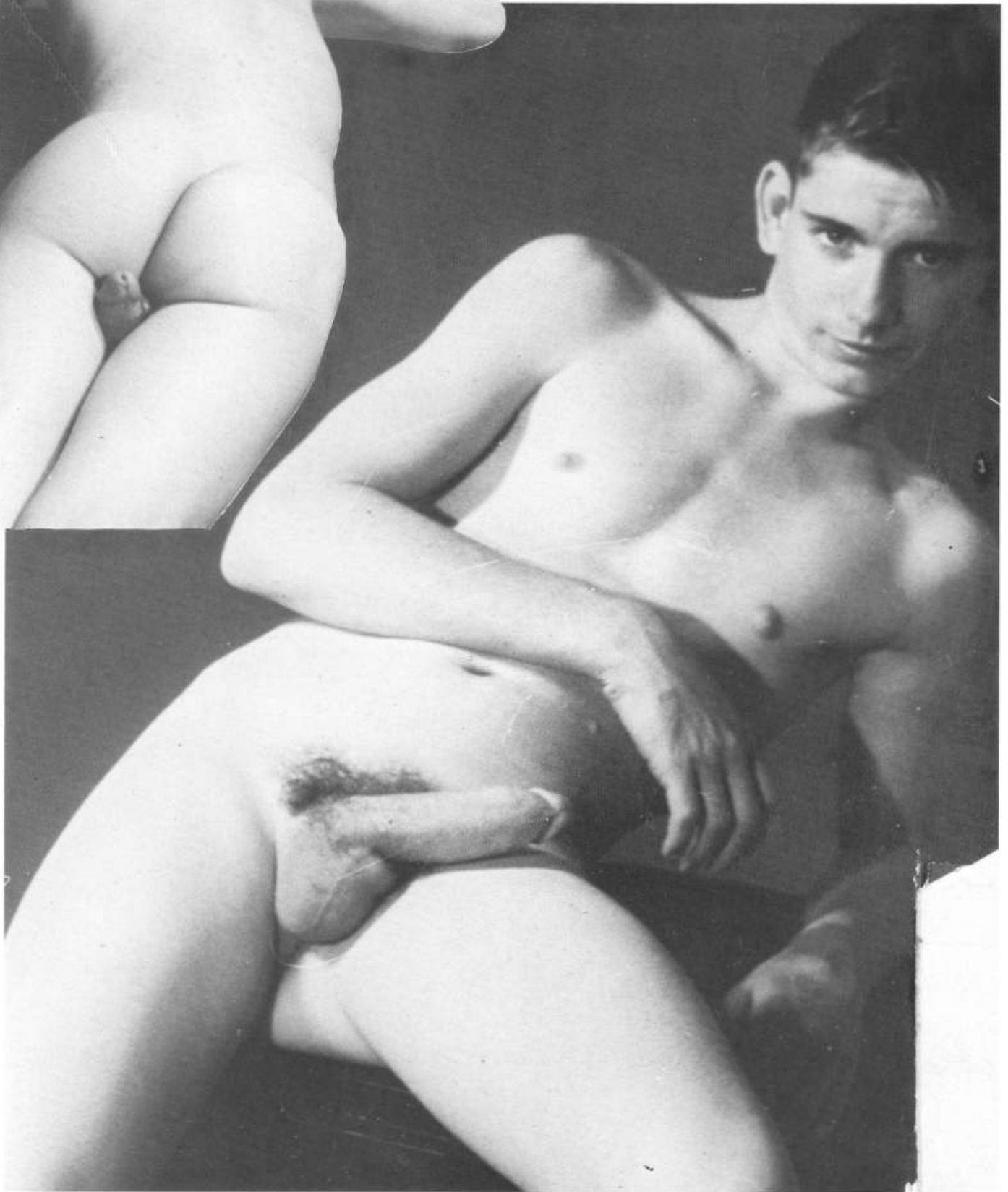
newspaper columnist suggested that the state song would soon have to be changed from "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You!"

Another writer suggested that the Baylor Bears should change their name to, you-guessed-it, the Baylor Bares. Not to be left out, an elderly man of my acquaintance has been trying to form a "Senior Citizen's Streaking Club!"

But there's really nothing new under the sun. When I was a student we used to have great fun shocking people by dropping our drawers and sticking our naked butts at them out the car window as we drove by. We called it "mooning," but streaking sounds like a lots more fun.



EDDIE



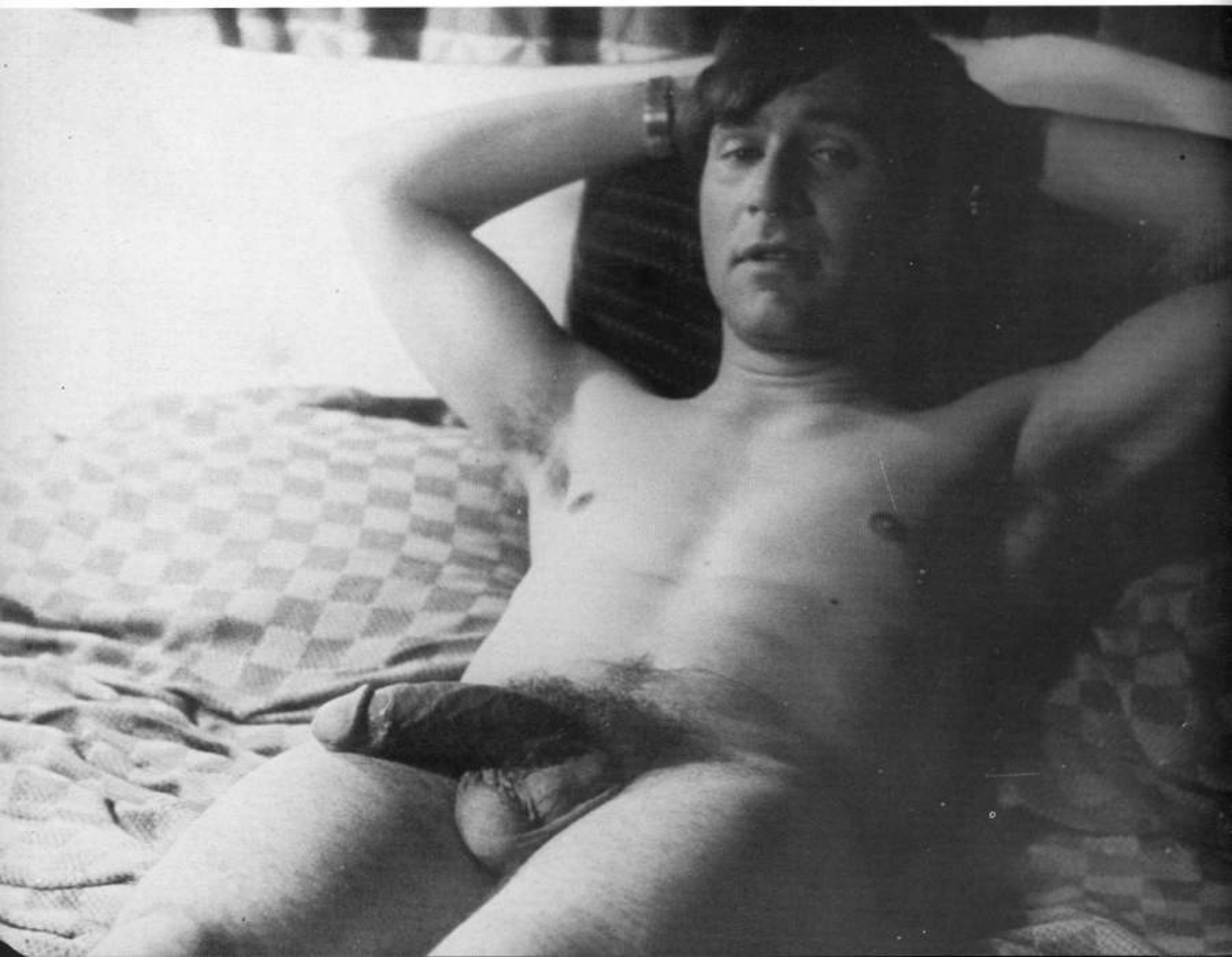
**“Reggie, what’s a nice chap
like you doing in a mag
like this?”**

“Well, Charles, my friend, it’s like this! My father may be one of the richest men in all Nevada, but I fail to see how it could be considered “un-nice” of me to pose naked.

“We’ve all got bods and pricks . . . it’s just I’m not ashamed of mine like so many of you snobbish phonies!

“In fact, if my prick were small as yours, I would be ashamed to pose! Right, Charles? Right?”

There is no answer from Charles. He has gone into his closet to masturbate. Meanwhile, Reggie shows it off for all he’s worth and for all it’s worth!!





Pleasant dreams, Ben!





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Sirs: I'm an adult of legal age and wish to receive your sex materials until further notice. Please send me your brochures plus the material I'm ordering herewith. I promise not to use same against you in any way. I do not find nudity or sex offensive in any way.

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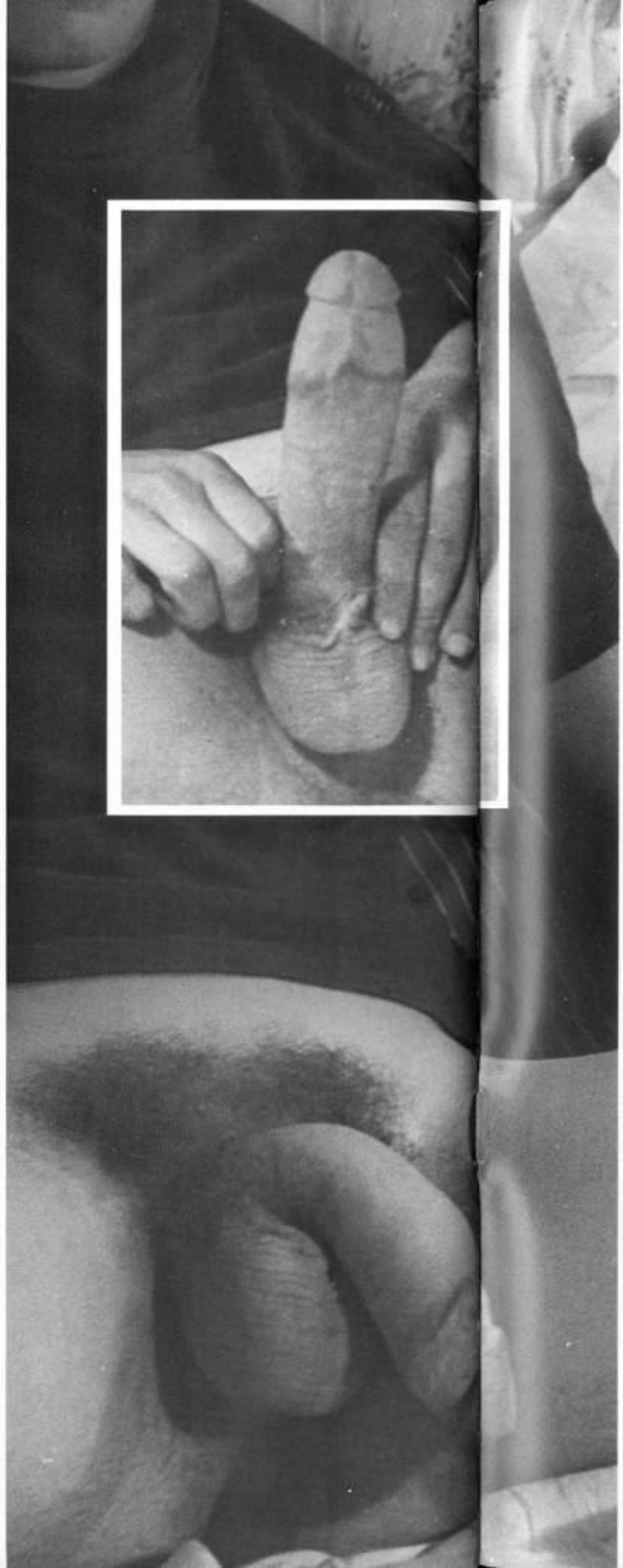
BIG'OL BILLY!

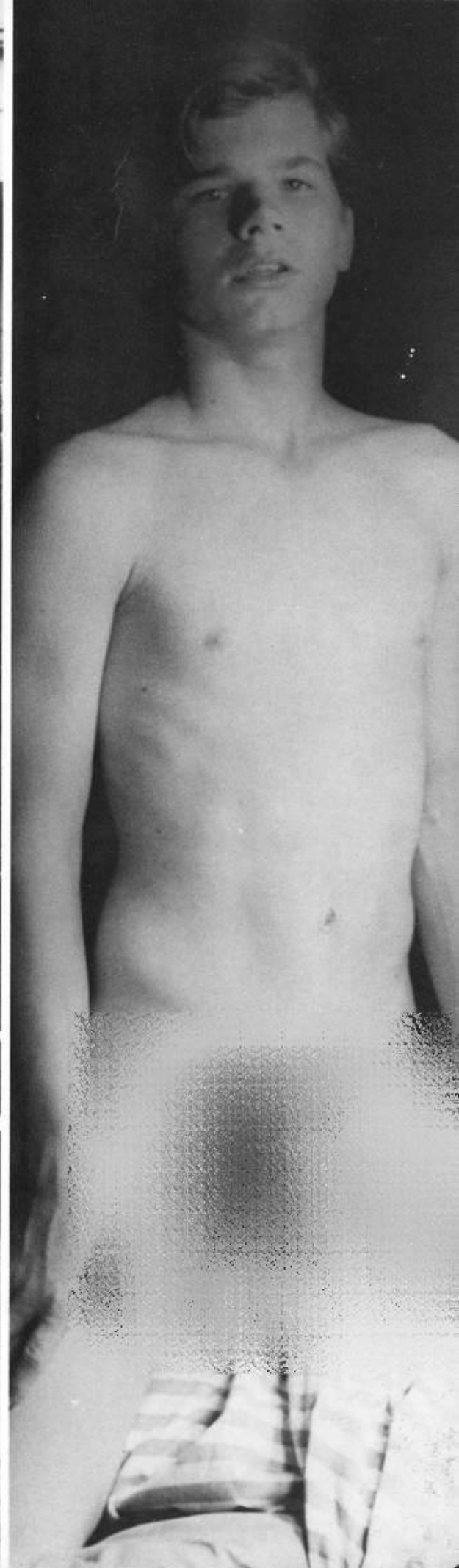
Billy Don's no stranger to magazines but here's more than he's ever shown before; alive and throbbing in come-alive color!! As only a real down-home country boy could show it!!

Wouldn't you like to live in Sweetwater, Geo., right next door to Billy Don?!!











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